THE Triumphs of London:

PERFORMED

On *TUESDAY*, OCTOBER XXIX. 1678.

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

Right Honourable, and truly Noble Pattern of Prudence and Loyalty,

Sir *JAMES EDWARDS* Knight,

LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

CONTAINING

A true *Description* of the several PAGEANTS, with the *SPEECHES* spoken on each *Pageant*.

Together with the SONGS *sung in this SOLEMNITY.*

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the Worshipful Company of

GROCERS.

Designed and Composed by *THO. JORDAN*, Gent.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare Triumphos!

London, Printed for *John Playford* at the *Temple-Church*. 1678.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JAMES EDWARDS, *Knight*,

LORD MAYOR of the City *of* LONDON.

MY LORD,

IN all flouriſhing Kingdoms throughout the Univerſe (eſpecially Iſlands) honeſt Merchants and uſeful Merchandize have been ever had in a reverential Eſteem. Their *Profeſſion* in all former Ages highly magnified, and their *Perſons* honourably valued: In that by their Coſt, Adventures, Diligence, and Vigilance, *incognite Countries* have been diſcovered, *Royal Amity* introduced and confirmed with Tranſmarine Eſtates and Princes: As alſo (by reaſon of their generous *Examples*, and prevalent *Perſwaſions*) very brutiſh Nations, with barbarous Natures, have been reduced to Meekneſs, Order, and Civility. By *Merchants*, all Exotick Commodities from every Part of the World are made communicable in Traffick with us, whoſe numerous Varieties, pleaſant Rarities, and ſubſtantial Neceſſaries, ſerve both for Delight and Profit to the Crown and Kingdom. They increaſe *Shipping*, multiply *Navigators*, and employ all *Handicrafts*. Many of them have not only been the Erectors of ſtately *Structures*, but the Founders of great and famous *Cities*. What may be ſaid of Merchants and their Traffick, their Antiquity, Dignity, Magnanimity, Generoſity and Urbanity, is fitter to fill a Volume, than to be contracted in the narrow Bondage of a compendious Epiſtle.

Therefore ſince Your Lordſhip hath ſo ample an Intereſt in this precedent Character, it is an eſpecial Act of *Almighty Providence*, to indulge and dignifie this Honourable City with ſuch an Accompliſhed *Magiſtrate*, whoſe *Examples* and *Precepts* are both prudent and pious, and may juſtly provoke all Perſons under Your Government to be *regular* and *obedient*; which although but for One Year, yet is the *Epitome* of a Life-time: Thorow which, that you may have the daily Manuduction of that Great *Governour* of Heaven and Earth (the only *Ruler* of Princes) ſhall be the *aſſidual Wiſhes* and *devout Deſires* of, *My Lord*,

Your Heartily Humble Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

TO THE

WORTHY *SOCIETY* and WORSHIPFUL *COMPANY*

OF

GROCERS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN *obedience to Your Commands, and punctual performance of my Promise, I crave permission to salute You with a perfect Copy of this Years* Triumphs, *wherein I have not expres'd such sterility of* Invention, *as to reiterate or imitate any thing which I have formerly done my self, or any other Authors that heretofore have performed this Duty, either in* designation *of the Whole,* or composition *and* order *of the Parts, relating either to the* Figures, Structures, *or* Orations, *those things only excepted which are the Trophies of* Antiquity, *and especial Marks of* Distinction, *in the frequent Representation of the Worshipful Companies* Creſt *and* Supporters, *the* Camel *and* Gryphons, *with all their accomplishments and Decoration. If in all, or any thing, I have made my* Endeavours *correspondent to Your* Expectation, *I shall humbly hope, I may deservedly acquire the Title of,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

The Agitations of the Morning.

THE generous Citizens, ſelected for the order of this days Triumph, (according to the dictates of Ancient Form and Cuſtom) aſſemble together at Seven of the Clock in the Morning, at *Grocers-Hall.*

1. Threeſcore poor Men accomodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them imployed in bearing a Standard or a Banner.

2. Fifty Gentlemen-Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his ſhoulder, and in his hand a white Staff.

3. A certain Number of Budg-Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

4. The Batchelors, a part thereof in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.

5. The Livery in their Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.

6. The Maſters Wardens and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns faced with Foins and their Hoods.

7. Twelve other Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours, ſome in Plush Coats and ſome in Buff, they alſo wearing Scarfs, about their ſhoulders, of the Companies Colours.

8. Thirty ſix Trumpets; the Serjeant-Trumpet, with his Scarf of his Lordſhip's Colours, and of a Crimſon about his ſhoulder, and a Leading Staff in his hand.

9. Fourteen Drums; the Drum-Major with a crimſon Scarf about his waſte, his Leading Staff in his hand, and three Fifes with Banners.

10. Divers Drums and Fifes, with red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company.

11. The two City-Marſhals, each of them riding on Horſeback, with ſix Servitors to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Company.

12. The Foot-Marſhal, and ſix Attendants with the like Scarfs and Colours.

13. The Maſter of Defence, with the ſame Scarf and Colours, having perſons of his own Science to attend him.

14. Divers other Penſioners in red Gowns, white Sleeves and flat Caps; each of them carrying a Javelin in one hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is painted the Coat-Armour of their Benefactors.

These Persons are set a part for the Duty of the Day, who meeting at the Time and Place aforesaid, proceed as followeth.

The Foot-Marshal ranks them out, two and two, beginning with the Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them, placeth the Companies Ensigns, Four Drums, and one Fife; in the Rere of them fall in the several Pensioners in Coats bearing several Banners and Standards; after them, six Trumpets; after them the Gryphons and Camel Ensigns, (the Supporters and Crest of the Worshipful Company of *Grocers*) and six Gentlemen Ushers; after them the Budg-Batchelors, who conclude this Division.

In the Rere of those, fall six Trumpets; after them, two Gentlemen bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies; after them follow two Gentlemen-Ushers, after them the Foins-Batchelors, concluding this Division.

In the Rere thereof first fall in the King's Drum-Major and four other of the King's Drums and Fifes; after them, two Gentlemen Ushers bearing two Banners, the one the King's, the other the Cities; after them, ten Gentlemen-Ushers, habited as is set down before; and after them the Livery, which endeth that Division.

In the Rere of them fall others of the City Trumpets, after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and the Lord Mayor, twelve Gentlemen-Ushers appointed as aforesaid follow them, and after them the Court of Assistants put a period to that Division.

In the Rere of them falls the Serjeant-Trumpet, after him sixteen other of the King's Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; after them three other Gentlemen, bearing the King's, the Duke of *York's*, and St. *George's* Banner; after them fourteen Gentlemen-Ushers; to follow them are appointed four Pages; and after them, the Master and Wardens, which terminate the first and chief Division.

Thus accomplish'd, they March from their Place of meeting to *Gold-Smiths-Hall*, beginning with the Pensioners, until the Marshal comes and makes a Halt at the Gate, till such time as his Lordship and the Aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole Body move toward *Guild-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Elect joyneth with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue; so all of them march through *King-street* down to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and their Attendants take Barge; also the *Grocers* Company do likewise Embarge, whilst the Residue remain behind, *viz.* the Gentlemen-Ushers. The Budg-Batchelors repair to places of Refreshment.

His Lordship, the Aldermen, the Company of *Grocers*, and other Companies, landing at *Westminster*, have a Lane made them through which they pass to *Westminster-Hall*, and there, having performed several Ceremonial and Customary Duties and Obligations, as an Oath to be True and Faithful to

His

His Majesty and Government established, Sealing of Writs in the Court there held; and having taken leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, &c. and doing some charitable offices to the Poor of that place, return to their Barges, a lane being made as before for their Passage to the Water-side, and there orderly Embarge.

His Lordship, with those attending him (the Companies,) land at *Black Fryar-stairs*, in order to their Stands in *Cheapside*; where He and They are saluted with Three Volleys by (the Military Glory of this Nation) the Company of *Artillery-Men*, they being all in their Martial Ornaments of Gallantry, some in Buff with Head-pieces, many of them massy Silver. From *Black-Fryar-stairs* they march before my Lord Mayor and Aldermen through *Cheapside* to *Guild-Hall*. Those that went not to *Westminster*, *viz.* the Pensioners and Banners, being set in order, ready to March, the Foot-Marshal in the Rere of the *Artillery-Company*, leads the way along by the Channel up *Ludgate-Hill*, through *Ludgate* into St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained by the first Scene or Pageant.

A Description of the First Pageant.

UPon a large Stage, in the Van, is exhibited the lively pourtraiture of a well-grown Camel, so curiously Carved and Exquisitely Gilded that it appeareth like a live Animal in a Hide of Massy Gold, and is the Crest upon the Arms of the Worshipful Company of *Grocers*. This Camel is back'd by a young Negro-Boy, sitting betwixt two Silver Hampers plentifully stored with all sorts of Fruits and fragrant Spices, and what ever else is pertinent to Grocery; which after the Subsequent Speech is delivered, the Negro with a Prodigal hand, scatereth abroad in the Tumult, where you might see an hundred persons confusedly scrambling in the dirt for the Frail Atchievement of a Bunch of Raisins, or a handful of Dates, Almonds, Nutmegs: This Negro-Boy is habited in an Indian Robe of divers Colours, a wreath of various colour'd Feathers on his black woolly head, Silver Buskins laced and furfled with Gold, a Bridle of white and red Ribon (the Companys Colours) at each hand of him sitteth a Virgin, one of them Representing *Industry* in a Robe of Russet colour'd Silk, a Green Sarsnet Mantle, a Peruke of dark brown hair, about which is a Wreath of Flowers and Fruits, watchet Silk Hose, gray Buskins laced with Crimson Ribon; in one hand she beareth a Silver Pruning-Hook, in the other a Banner of the Companies. The other Person is a beautiful young Lady Representing *Fortune*, in a Yellow Robe, a Purple Mantle, a long curl'd bright brown Hair, a golden Coronet upon his Head, Carnation Silk Hose, and Yellow Buskins, laced with Silver Ribon; In her Left Hand she beareth a green Shield, Charged with a Ship under Sail; and in her Right Hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

And

And in the Rere of this Pageant is a Fortreſs, properly call'd, *The Fortreſs of Government*, Founded upon a Rock of Adamant, whoſe Walls are of Braſs, in a Quadrangular form, Embattail'd, with ſeveral Turrets and Bulwarks, on which great brazen Guns, mounted upon Carriages, are planted; and (within theſe Walls (Situate in the Centre) is erected the grand Golden Tower Royal, on which is diſplayed a very large Banner of the *Grocers*.

1. FIDELITY, ſtanding in Front upon the Battlement, is thus Arrayed, in a Veſt of Silver, on which is traced, a Golden Breaſt-plate, a Silver Corſlet about his Neck, long-Brown curl'd Hair on his Head, and upon that a Golden Helmet, with a large Plume of White Feathers, tip'd with Red, Blew, Yellow, and Green; a Scarf of Scarlet-colour'd-ſilk-and-gold; a Sword hanging in it, with a Golden Hilt; Purple-Silk Hoſe; Gold Buskins, laced and furſled with Scarlet-and-Silver Ribon; In his Left Hand he raiſeth a Lance of Silver; and in his Right hand (which is armed with a Golden Elbow Gantlet) he advanceth a Silver Truncheon: His Aſſociates, Confederates and Attendants, are *Loyalty*, *Vigilancy*, *Juſtice*, *Conſtancy*, *Wit*, *Concord*, *Religion*, *Union*, and *Truth*, in theſe ſignificant diſtinct Habits.

1. LOYALTY, in a Purple Robe, ſemined with Stars of Gold, a Golden Scarf, croſs from the right Shoulder to the left Side; Scarlet-colour'd Silk Hoſe, Silver Buskins, laced and furſled with Sky-colour and gold Ribon; a long curl'd bright brown Peruque, and on it a Silver Coronet of golden Hearts; She beareth in her left Hand, on a Shield *Gules*, the Roſe and Crown, *OR*, with this preceptive, Divine and Moral Motto about it,

Deum Timete, Regem Honorate.

Fear God, Honour the King.

In the other Hand a Banner of the Cities.

2. VIGILANCY, in a Silver Robe, a French green Mantle, ſeeded with waking Eyes; a fair long bright Curling Hair, a Chaplet on her Head of Jeſemine mingled with Mirtle, Caprifolium, and Eyebright; in one Hand ſhe beareth a Shield Argent, Charged with a Peacock, his Tail diſplayed; in the other Hand a Banner of my Lords.

3. JUSTICE, in a long Crimſon Robe, and on it a golden Mantle, fringed with Silver; on her Head a long diſhevel'd Hair of a Flaxen colour, on which is a Coronet of Silver; In one hand ſhe holdeth a Sword, in the other Hand a Ballance; her Buskins are Purple, ſprinkled with gold Stars, laced and furſled with Gold and Scarlet Ribon; about her Coronet is written this *Memento*;

Iniquitatem intermittite & Juſtitiam facite. Ezech. 45. 9.

Remove Violence and Execute Juſtice.

4. CON-

4. CONSTANCY, In a Watchet Robe, a Silver Mantle, Silk Hose, of Aurora-colour'd Silk, silver Buskins, laced and surfled with sky-colour and gold Ribon; a long brown curl'd Hair, and on her Head a golden Crown, having in front the Figure of a Seaman's Compass, to express the constant verticity of the Needle to the North-Pole; she beareth a Shield *OR*, charged with a Rock of Adamant, the four Winds blowing against it, and the Motto, *Immota Triumphans*. In her Right Hand a Banner of the Kings.

5. WIT, In an *Indian* Sarsnet Robe, of diverse Colours; a Lemon-colour'd Mantle, fringed with Gold; a bright brown Hair, curiously curl'd and tyed with sundry knots of small Ribon of all colours, and on it a Chaplet of Bayes, intermingled with golden Berries in clusters; In her Right Hand an Escutcheon *Vert*, a Reynard *OR*, with a Goose Neck in his Mouth, and her Body circumflexed over his Back *Argent*; In her left Hand a Banner of the Cities.

6. CONCORD: A fair Virgin in a Scarlet-colour'd Robe, a sky-colour and gold Scarf; a fair bright Hair, and about her Head, a Garland of white and red Roses, intimating the Concord of *York* and *Lancaster*: white Buskins, laced with watchet and gold Ribon: in her left Hand a Shield, charged with a Bower of Mirtles; for such is the Nature of those Trees, that if they be Planted a good space one from another, they will meet, and with twining, one embrace the other.

7. RELIGION, In a Sable Robe, a Crimson Mantle; a fair Hair, on which is a Coronet of golden Stars, gold Buskins, laced with black Ribon, bearing a Buckler in one Hand, where (on a Mount *Vert*, planted with Olives) is a Crucifix, *Proper*; in the other Hand a Banner on an Angelical staff, bearing a Cross *Gules* in a Field *Argent*.

8. UNION, In a Robe of Green Sarsnet, sprinkled with divers Annulets of Gold, a Chain of Gold thrice double about her Neck; her Legs and Feet beautified with Buskins of Gold, surfled with Watchet Silk and Silver Ribon, a Wreath of green Laurel (about a long curl'd Peruque of bright Hair) on her Head; bearing in one hand an Escutcheon *Vert*, charged with a Triangle within a Circle *OR*; in the other Hand a Banner of the *Grocers*.

9. TRUTH, In a White Sarsnet Robe, a Cloth of Silver Mantle; a fair bright crispy curl'd Flaxen Hair; a Garland of white Lillies, white Silk Hose, white Buskins, laced with Silver Ribon; in one Hand, a large Fan of Stars, (with which she chaseth away Error) in the other Hand, a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

FIDELITY, arising up from her Seat with an obedient Bow, addresseth to his Lordship in this Congratulation following.

The First Speech Spoken by FIDELITY.

Much honour'd Lord, This Structure you behold,
Whose outward Walls are Brass, and Tower Gold,
Arm'd in such Martial manner, doth present
The faithful Fortress *of* Just Government.
The Adamantine Rock 'tis built upon,
Merits the Name of True Religion.
The Walls *are made of* Union, *and well known,*
To be Intire; Truth *is the* Corner-Stone.
The Battlements *are* Concord, *Bulworks be*
Built, Man'd, and Govern'd by Integritie.
The Guns *are* Laws *of wholsome Institution,*
The Gunner *puts them all in* Execution,
When Justice *gives Command*; *This* golden Tower,
Is built by Policy, *and held by* Power.
Which is in all, and every degree,
The Seat of Government, *and* Soveraignitie:
Loyalty, Vigilance, Fortitude, *and* Wit,
With Constancy, *and* Concord, *govern it.*
Who all (by turns) do take Orders from Me,
That bear the Title of Fidelitie.
And though this Fort, *thus* Arm'd *and* Top'd *by* Glory,
Is but a Model *built by* Allegory:
The Moral's *pertinent and pregnant too,*
It intimates your Government *and* You:
Without these Virtues, *which are here set forth,*
A Magistrate *will want much of his worth.*
Rebellion, Fraud, Whoredom, *and* Felonie,
In a short time, will grow greater than He.
But you, my Lord, *are furnish'd with all these* Virtues, *and of this Fort deserve the Keyes.* } Pointing to the Tower.
'Tis for your Company a Store-House *made:*
This laden Camel, *bears part of your* Trade, [To the Camel.]

Which

Which back'd by an Indian, *Sallies from the* Fort,
T'expreſs their Plenty, *and to ſhew you Sport:*
All which, with every good that Traffick brings
This Year, deſires the Shelter of your Wings.
Becauſe you are with all the Graces plum'd;
And 'tis by moſt Wiſe Vertuous Men preſum'd,
That with true Juſtice, Piety, *and* Power
You'l ſhew your ſelf, a faithful Governour.

This Speech thus ended, and my Lord expreſſing ſome ſignals of acceptation, his Honour advanceth with his Right Worſhipful Fraternity (the ſage Senators of the City) further forward into *Cheapſide*; where he is again intercepted by two diſtinct Stages, on which are eminently planted two great Golden Gryphons the Supporters to the Coat Armour of the *Grocers* Company, on which are Vigorously mounted two Active Negro's, in rich *Eaſt-Indian* Veſtments, with Coronets of many Colour'd Feathers; the one of them beares a large Banner of his Lordſhips Family Coat; and the other a large Banner of the *Grocers* Corporation Coat, and at the Corner's of both theſe Stages, ſit four Figures in the Habits and Ornaments as hereafter is deſcribed. 1. *Love*, 2. *Honour*, 3. *Courage*, 4. *Courtezy*.

1. LOVE, a handſom fair Boy, with a Curl'd Flaxen Perruke, a Coronet round beſet with Bleeding Hearts, a Silver Robe, a Carnation Scarf, on which hangeth a Golden Quiver full of Gold and Silver Arrows, Golden wings upon his ſhoulders, a Silver Bow in one hand, and a Banner of the Cities in the other.

2. HONOUR, in a Purple Robe poudred with Stars of Gold, a Scarlet Mantle Fringed with Gold, Curl'd black hair, on it a Royal Diadem, watchet Silk Hoſe, white Buskins lace'd with Gold Ribon, bearing a Banner of the Kings.

3. COURAGE, a perſon of Heroick Viſage, with ſhort brown hair, on it a Golden Coronet, a flame-colour'd ſhort Robe, a Sky-colour'd Scarf Fringed with Silver, Plush-colour'd Hoſe, blew Buskins, with Carnation Ribon, in his hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

4. COURTEZY, in a Crimſon Robe Fringed with Gold and Silver Scarf, bright brown hair, a Chaplet of red and white Roſes, in one hand ſhe bears a Shield Charged with the figures of a Salutation, in the other, a Banner of the Companies.

And in the Rere of these Gryphons, on another Stage is a Scene of great Splendour designed for.

The Pageant Described.

A Shrine, or *Indian* Structure erected according to the *Dorick* order of Architecture, adorned with lively pieces of Imagerie round about, and, on the high extremity, is exalted a Masculine lively person, richly Vested in a Silver Robe; a Sky-colour'd Mantle, a long bright hair, Crowned with a Coronet of Pensils, of all Colours, holding in his Right hand a Banner of the Kings, and representeth the Triumph of Tranquillity, called *Ovatio*.

This Temple-like Fabrick in front stands so open, that with easy perspicuity every Common eye may discharge it's sight up to the high Altar, on which an *East-Indian* Deity called *OPULENTA*, a Representative of all the Intrinsic Treasure in the Oriental *Indies*, and is their Tutelary Goddess, before whose Shrine the Idolatrous Natives after the preparation of a long Fast) with Pagan Piety, and diabolical Devotion, prostrate themselves with all the adoration imaginable.

Her Face and Hair are Black; her Ears are adorned with two rich Pendants of great round Oriental Pearl, her Shoulders, Breast and Neck, are bare, on which is a Necklace of Diamonds; she is Crown'd with a Coronet of Sun-beams; her Robe is of all Colours, richly interwoven with Silk, Gold, Silver and Jewels; a Scarf of Gold, Silver Buskins, laced with Gold Ribon; in one hand she advanceth a Golden Scepter, in the other she beareth a Banner of the Kings.

Beneath her sit three Black *Indian* Princes, *viz. Animalia*, *Mineralia*, *Vegetabilia*, who bear in their hands each of them a great Golden Key of 18 inches long, as principal Clavigers or Key-keepers to all the Treasuries of *India*, and generally to all Human Nature; Comprehending the diversities of Traffick and several Commodities, which our Noble *English* Merchants bring from *India* to *England*; by whom the Druggests are furnished from thence, with Barks, Woods, Roots, Fruits and Gums, Ambergreece with divers Aromats; which by the learned directions of the Physician, wisdom of the Chymist, and art of the Apothecary are extracted and compounded for Curation and Conservation. The *Grocers* are supply'd and plentifully stor'd with all sorts of Spices, as Pepper, Cinamon, Cloves, Mace Nutmegs, also with Rice, Mastich, Sanders of all sorts, with varietie of fruits, and other Commodities too numerous for Repetition.

In ſeveral Conſpicuous and Convenient Vicinitys, about this Shrine ſit the Repreſentatives of ſix Eminent *Indian* Cities, in ſeveral rich *Indian* Habits; with the figures of Cities upon their heads, worn as Crowns or Coronets; and are diſtinguiſhed by theſe well known Appellations, *viz.* *FORTAM*, *SARABAIN*, *TUBAN*, *MATURA*, *SURAT*, and *BANTAM*, the laſt of which is the City of moſt Traffique, frequented by *Portugals*, *Dutch* and *Engliſh*, in which every day are three ſeveral Markets. The Habits of theſe three Princes firſt mentioned, are thus properly diſtinguiſhed.

1. ANIMALIA, in a Robe painted with Quadrupedes, Volatiles, and Reptiles, *viz.* Beaſts, Birds, Flyes, and Crawling Creatures or Inſects, (as ſhe repreſenteth all Animals that have Life, and Senſe) an *Indian* Silk Scarf croſs her ſhoulder interwoven with Silver; Black hair, a Coronet of various-colour'd Feathers, a Rope of Pearl about her Neck; and pendant Jewels in her Ears: bearing in one hand a Golden Key, in the other a Banner of the Cities.

2. VEGETABILIA, in a painted Robe of Trees, Flowers, Herbs, and ſundry plants, that have Life and Growth, but neither Senſe, nor Voluntary Motion; a Silver green and grey Scarf, a dark brown Peruke, a Chaplet of Flowers and Fruits upon her head; in her left hand, a Golden Key, of like form and length with the other, and in her Right hand a Banner of my Lord Mayor's.

3. MINERALIA, in a rich Robe all Imbroidered with Gold Silver, and precious Jewels; a purple and Silver Scarf, on her head a Black hair, Crown'd with a Diadem of precious Stones of divers Colours and excellent luſtre, in one hand a Golden Key, ſet with Diamonds, Emralds, Saphirs, Amethiſts, and Smaragds, as the principal Conſerver of all Mines, and Minerals; in her other hand ſhe waveth a Banner of the Companies.

My Lord Mayor being attentively prepared, The Goddeſs *Opulenta*, riſing up from her Seat, with a Majeſtick behaviour doth oblige his Lordſhip's regard, to the Delivery of a Speech.

The SECOND SPEECH ſpoken by *OPULENTA*.

This Clime, is England *ſure: it doth preſent* [Look about her]
So much of Honour, Union, Government:

And

And this must needs be London, *who in State*
(As Fame *tells me) this Day doth celebrate*
Th' Inauguration *of their* Magistrate.
This must be Hee. I wish him good Event,
His Presence *doth presage* good *Government.*
Then I address my Self (much honour'd Lord)
To you, that bear the Civil, City Sword.
And I have brought Three Princes *with me: These*
Are they that Keep my Oriental Keys,
Vegetabilia, Animalia *and*
Rich Mineralia, *under whose Command*
Are all the Treasures of the Indian *Land.*
Six Cities do attend me too, but none
So bright and beautifull as is your own.
Here's Fortam, Sarabaia, Tuban, *(that*
Yeilds Spice) Matura, Bantam *and* Surat.
Cities, great Sr. *whose Traffique hath been free,*
T' your Lordship and the Grocers *Company:*
Who do this Day, (mov'd by your high Deserts)
In Triumphs *pay the* Tribute *of their Hearts.*
Because their good Lord Mayor's Power doth Spring,
From Honour's Fountain, *in my Lord, the King.*
The Head *of four great Kingdoms, yet would be*
(Such was his Candor and Urbanity)
A Member *of the* Grocers *Company.*
May you prove prosperous, and (when you please)
You shall command my Cities and my Keys;
My Deity it self: But I divine
You do adore a Power greater than Mine;
A God, that doth all other Gods excell,
Imitate Him, *and you will* Govern *well.*

{ Looks on the Lord Mayor.
Bow's.
Pointeth to them.
To the Cities.

His Lordship, well pleased with the Aptitude of this Composition, and the promptitude of the Emphatical Speaker; expresseth some Demonstrations of Approbation, and moveth through the Multitude, until a Scene of Delight, doth invite him to a Stand, which is an *Indian* Plantation, with its Governour, the Speaker, with several Labourers, Planters and Drolls; both for Utility and Jucundity, Profit and Pleasure.

The

The Plantation Delineated.

UNder the declivity of a Verdant Hill, which the Floriferous hand of Nature had Crown'd with a diverse colour'd Diadem of Flowers, inclining to that fertil point of the Compass, which is the Empire of *Auster*. On a rich Vale is situate a copious Plantation of Spices, as Woods of Cinamon, pleasant Groves of Nutmegs and Cloves, Orchards of Lemons and Oranges, surpassing those of *Spain*, representing a Plantation in that part of *East-India* called the Island of *Zelan*, not far distant from the Point of *India* called *Cape Comerin*, which for fertility may be compared to any Country in the whole Universe.

It abounds in Odoriferous Aromatical Spices, with whole Woods of the best Cinamon that ever the Sun saw; also there are found the best Smaragds, Rubies, and Ambergreece throughout all *Asia*. In this Island, the place of greatest note is *Colmucki*, the Seat-Royal of the chief King of that Island, situate on a Capacious Bay in the South-West of it, and of most Trade in all this Country; many great Ships laden with Cinamon, Gems, Elephants, and other *Indian* Commodities going yearly thence.

But in this Representative Plantation in that Island, on an eminent conspicuous Position sitteth *Aromatario*, the Governour of it, thus habited and accommodated: In a Robe of Scarlet-colour'd Silk and Gold; a Mantle of Purple and Silver; a black curl'd Peruke; a Coronet of Gold, pointed with several sorts of *Indian* Trees which stand erect, as if growing about his head; green Buskins starrified with Gold, and laced with Silver and Gold Ribon; in his hand a Banner of the Companies. Beneath him sit four Figures, representing *Toyl*, *Traffick*, *Treasure*, and *Triumph*, thus accoutred.

1. TOYL. In a gray silk Robe; an Orange-colour'd Mantle edg'd and fring'd with Silver; a brownish curl'd Hair; a wreath of Leaves; green Nutmegs, Cloves, and large Mace: gray Silk Hose; sky-colour'd Buskins laced with yellow Ribon: In one hand a Shield painted with Mattock, Spade, and Grassing-Knives; in the other hand a Banner of my Lords.

2. TRAFFICK. In a Sand-colour'd Robe of Silk; a Sea-green Mantle, fringed with Silver and Gold; a fair curl'd Peruke; a Coronet upon his head, bearing on the top the figure of a Ship under Sail: In one hand a Shield Argent, charged with the four Winds, Perflant; in the other hand a Banner of the Cities.

3. TREASURE. In a Cloth of Gold Robe; a watchet Silk and Silver Mantle; a long brown curld Peruke; a Coronet of Gold, richly adorn'd

adorn'd with Jewels; Crimſon ſilk Stockings; Gold Buskins, with purple and ſilver Ribon; a Banner of the Companies.

4. TRIUMPH. In a Robe of Carnation and Silver; a Mantle of diverſe-colour'd Feathers, tip'd with gold and ſilver; a black long curl'd Peruke; a Ducal Crown of gold, with a Plume of Feathers of ſeveral Orient Colours; Pearl-colour'd Hoſe; ſilver Buskins laced with Pink-colour'd Ribon: In one hand ſhe beareth a Target *Vert*, charged with the ſimilitude of a Triumphant Chariot *O R*; in the other hand a Banner of the Kings.

The front part of the Stage is planted with variety of Trees, bearing all ſorts of Spices and Fruits, as Oranges and Lemons, Citrons and Pomegranates, with ſeveral Planters and Labourers at work, ſome Digging, ſome Planting, others Pruning, Dreſſing, and Gathering; with divers Drolls, Piping, Dancing, Tumbling; and ſundry kinds of Mimical Geſtures, Antick Motions, Ingenious Confuſion, and Studious Diſorder: But a general ceſſation, and ſilence being proclaim'd, *Aromatario* their Governour ſtanding up in the poſture of an Addreſs, delivereth this following Oration to his Lordſhip.

The THIRD SPEECH ſpoken by *AROMATARIO* the Governour.

Illuſtrious Lord, under whoſe wiſe Commands
The chiefeſt *City in* Great Britain *ſtands*,
Aromatario *the Governour*
Of this Plantation, doth preſent his Power,
And Profits *to Your Pretorſhip, whoſe* Wit
And well-known Worth *can Govern Him and It:*
I do not to Your Honour's Hands prefer
The Gifts of Gold, *of* Frankincenſe *and* Myrrh:
Nor can I offer up the Golden Fleece,
But Smaragds, Rubies, Pearl, *and* Ambergreece,
Gums, Aromats, *and* Spices *of the beſt*,
More Odoriferous *than the* Phœnix *Neſt*,
Or her own Flames; *whoſe Aſhes on that* Hearth
At once produce both Funeral *and* Birth.
But You, My Lord, in Sweets *excell that* Flame,
Who have the Precious Ointment of Good Name,

No Aromats *like His, that is Indued*
With Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude;
No brighter Jewels *in both* Indies *be*
Comparative to Faith, Hope, Charity.
Love, Loyalty, Sincerity and Truth,
(*The* Honour *of old Age*, Glory *of Youth*)
These are those Jewels, which when Just men have
They never dye, *but* bloom *even in the* Grave.
In being thus inrich'd, well may the Voyce
Of your Elector's, Triumph *in their Choyce*,
And so do I, who wish you the best Fate,
That ever blest an Happy *Magistrate.*
My Planting People *now shall Sing and Play.*
Full to your Sports, *This is* My Lord Mayor's Day. *To the Planters,*

The Speech thus ended, and the Acclamation over, a stout Planter, with a Voice like a Trumpet, distendeth his copious Chops, and hollowech out this Sonnet; and all the rest of the Workmen and Drollits sing the *Chorus*, whilst the Porters bear the Burden.

A SONG.

I.

With Mattock, Spade, Pruning-Hook, Shovel, & Sieve,
What a Life of Delight do we Labourers live?
The bunny brisk Planter (for delving design'd)
Hath Health in his Body, and Peace in his Mind.
Though this as a Curse in the Scripture we read,
In the Sweat of thy brows thou shalt purchase thy Bread.
Chorus. *Yet by Patience and Labour, in Digging and Dressing,*
Th' old Curse is Converted into a new Blessing.

II.

With Cinamon, Cloves, Mace, and all other Spice,
We Planters have planted a New Paradise.
We feel no Effects of the Fault that undid us,
Here's Pepper for Gallants, and Nutmegs for Madams.
We work, and we Sweat, yet are never the worse;
At the most we have but a Spice of the Curse.
Chorus. *But by Patience and Labour our Treasure Encreasing,*
Hath made a Conversion of it into a Blessing.

III.

For London's *great* Grocers *we Labour and Work,*
No Plots against Princes in our Heads do lurk:
We Plant, Set, and Sow, likewise for the Physician,
But Plant no Rebellion, and Sow no Sedition.
The Grocers *and* Merchants *are Men of Renown,*
They are just in their Trading, and true to the Crown.
Chor. *And we faithful Planters; since all this is so Sirs;*
Let's Pray for King Charles, *and his Brethren, the* Grocers.

The Song being Sung, they all fall to their Drolleries, and the Foot-Marshal having placed the Assistants, Livery, and the Companies on both sides of *King-Street*, and their Pensioners with their Targets hung on the tops of the Javelins; in the Rere of them the Ensign-Bearers, Drums and Fifes in the Front, and hasten the Foyns and Budg-Batchelors; together with the Gentlemen-Ushers to *Guild-Hall*, where his Lordship is again Saluted by the *Artillery-men*, with three Vollies more, which conclude their Duty: His Land Attendants pass through the Gallery or Lane so made into *Guild-Hall*; After which, the Companies repair to their respective Halls to Dinner, and their Silk-works and Triumphs are likewise convey'd into *Blackwell-hall*, and the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the Pageants, there refresh themselves, until his Lordship hath Dined at *Guild-Hall*.

His Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the City-Musick, after a little consideration and consultation one with another, conclude to table themselves for the performance of a Song of three Parts in *Stile Recitativo*, or a Musical Interlude Presented by three Persons; *Crab*, a West-Country-man; *Swab*, a Seaman; and *Self*, a Citizen.

The SCENE, *the* ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Enter *Crab*, staring up and down.

Crab. Thic New-made Zitty zeemeth strange,
Zince last time chee did zee't,
Chaun vindeng out the Royal-Change,
To try if che con meet
Zome honest plain West-Country-mon,
That we may go and Doin,
And zit and chat and guilge a Can,
For that is wellaloin.

II.

This is th' Exchange that zhoins zo pure,
Che ne're zaw Building neater:
They burn'd it down on purpose zhowr
To buildne up the better.
Here all the zity Nozles meet
In vest and velvet Rocket,
And here a woundy crafty Cheat
One day did pike my pocket.

III.

'Tis very yarly day it zeems,
Vor there are vew Men come,
Within this hour they'l blow in streams,
A Mon can get no rome. } Enter *Swab* the Sea-man.
But who comes here, that doth appear
Rigg'd like a Mon a war:
'Tis a black-wall-ey'd Zea-mon, zhowr

I [The Tune changeth.]

Swab. A Sail, a Sail, a Sail,
The Sea-man's come to sight;
Whose Star-board
And Lar-board
Hath been bruis'd in fight.

Crab. A flail, a flail, a flail,
Ishe tell the Mon of zeas
Your Sailors
Are failors,
Without Pork and Peas.

Swab. I have stood
Bath'd in my Blood
When a Brazen Broad-side roars;
My Men dying,
No flying.

Crab. Ships ha no back dors.

Swab. Where so e're
Enemies were,
I would chase 'um like a flock:

And fly at 'em,

Crab. From Chatham,
Up to Wapping Dock.

II.

Swab. The dreadful name of *Drake*,
In thundering Eighty-Eight,
Whose Courage
Did forage
For the *Spaniard's* Plate.
I have with Art and ease
And Valour on the Seas,
Outrise him,
Outdone him.

Crab. What pickled lyes are these? [Aside.]

Swab. I did once dive
Down at *Queen-hive*.
I did in all at one jirk,
And under Water
Two hours after,

Crab. Rise agen at Dunkirk.

Swab. Why thou Sheep-biter, how dar'st thou interrupt me? [*Speak.*]

Crab. Why thou ship-shiter, I did but make up Rhime, vor in my conscience thou had'st almost sung thy reason out of breath. You said you were two hours under water, and I thought I would set you a shore to dry your Daublet.

Swab. What at *Dunkirk?* amongst Strangers?

Crab. Yes, why not? shour the purchasers of that place may allow an English-mon to dry his Daublet there, the believe they have bargain good enough on't.

Swab. My Fame rings
Abroad among Kings,
My Valour is Renown'd
In Salt River.
I was never
Born to be drown'd.

{ Sing on a Repetition of the last Strain of the Tune.

Crab. And what mean you by that Sir? —— *Speak.*

Crab.

Crab. Iche mean youl habe Rope enough about you to de-
[illegible]

Swab. Sirrah! you have a Fucle Interpretation: and I could find in my heart to chastize you with my Cane.

Crab. I am a Whipster Sir. I carry my weapon in my hand, cham not afraid of a whole Team of Tarpaulins, vor I cham zvre you ha'nt a broadzide of Brass Guns in your Pocket.

Swab. Go, thour't a Tarbox.

Crab. How, Brother Pitch-barrel? [Enter *Self* the Citizen.] But, who comes here?

Swab. By his venerable pace, and posture, it should be one Mr. *Self* a Citizen.

Crab. Zelf? Iche china that be a great Name in every Town and Country, especially amongst the Longeners. But I don't know'n.

Swab. Thou art a pretty Comical Fellow: what's thy Name?

Crab. Why zur cham not azham'd of my Name, my name is Crab.

Swab. Gaffer Crab? a Land Crab? I have seen a great many of your Crawling Kindred in the Indies, Gaffar Crab. [*Swab* walks away.]

Crab. Gaffer Crab? Crawling Kindred? doth the Meazle take me vor a Crablouse? Iche could vind in my heart [Advanceth his whip.]

Swab. How now, what's the matter? [and *Swabs* turns about]

Crab. Faldera, Laldera, Taldara jeero } *Crab* sings a few notes of the Canarys and Danceth to it.

Swab. You are very actively merry Mr. Crab.

Crab. Yes, I can Crab it away I warrant ye, as well as any zea-Crab o ye all.

Another Tune.

Swab. O! the valiant strife
Of a Seaman's Life,
Whose Fame is never fading.

Self. *Though the Change be full,*
Yet the City's dull,
And droops for want of Trading;
It is to little purpose now our weighty Bills of Lading.

Shop-

Shop-keepers know not what to do,

Crab. The Contry men both Plow and Sow,
Harrow, Weed and Reap and Mow;
But yet is like to starve on't.

Swab. The greatest sort of Business now
Is Mum your humble Servant.

II.

Self. *what the reason is,*
That doth cause all this
I gladly would be guided.

Swab. Want of Amity
Breeds Calamity,
We are too much divided;
By Atheistick persons too,
Religion is derided.

Self. *with Arguments as light as Air,*

Swab. Opinion's got in Reason's Chair,
And would controul the great affair
Of Man's Eternal being.

Crab. The new-found lights have spoil'd our sights,
And caus'd this disagreeing.

III.

Swab. Though the Citizens,
With Tongues and pens
Are new distresses faining;

Crab. They do beast their Chopps
With sugard sopps
And vamous Entertaining:
Yet they cry out that by their shopps,
They have but little gaining.

Swab. They Keep both Town and Country house.

Crab. They feed on Capon Pig and Goose.

Swab. In Sack and Claret they Carouse,
And spread their plumes in Trayning:

Crab, And yet as if not worth a lowse,
They're every hour Complaining.

IV.

IV.

Swab. Through the Ocean curl'd,
We ſurround the World
For Merchandiſe to ſerve yee:
Crab. And the Country Cheap
Brings Bread and Meat,
That Wantons may not ſtarve yee.
Swab. You live at home in Wealth and Peace,
Whilſt wee do rock and ſhelve it;
You wallow in Delight and eaſe.
Crab. Wee ſend you Bacon Beef and Peas,
Whilſt we do ditch and delve it;
And don ſuch ſimple Clothes as theſe,
When you weare ſilk and velvet.

V.

Bell. *In your vain diſpute of every thing,*
Y' are very much miſguided;
As it is the Chamber of the King
It ſhould be ſo provided;
Therefore let no diſſention ſpring,
This Argument's decided.
Swab. Your *London* Tables do excell.
Crab. Y' have forty diſhes at a meal;
Swab. And yet ye neither buy nor ſell,
But ſuffer diminution.
Grab. You feed on Veſant, Cocks and Teal
Yet cry out Perſecution.

I. (The Tune changeth.)

Swab. Though in Duſt and Aſhes it lately was hurl'd,
This City may Vye with all parts of the World.
For true Uniformity, Subſtance, and Show.
Theſe Fabricks all Buildings in *Europe* out-go.
Bell. *But if that no Trading come into the Town,*
The City is up, but the Citizen's down.

II.

Swab. In Storms and in Tempeſts, through Waters and Fires,
The Sea-man doth fetch what the City deſires;

From

From all points of the World we bring Treasure untold,
Musk, Ambergreece, Silk, Silver, Jewels and Gold.
'Tis by the success of the Sea-man's Affairs,
The City's supply'd with Shreves and Lord Mayors.

III.

Through *Europe*, to *Asia* and *Africa* we fly;
In *Russia* we freeze, and in *India* we fry;
Th' Antartick and Artick we visit by turn,
In one we are frozen, in t'other we burn.
We venture by dangerous Seas, Sands, and Shelves
To bring Wares to the City [*Crab.*] & wealth to [illegible]

IV.

Self. *Our City's the Market, to vend all our Wares,*
And Money's the Marrow of all our Affairs.
Crab. We zarve ye with wheat and malt, wool, milk & [illegible]
Self. *It is much for our Love* [Crab.] but more for your [illegible]
Swab. You'l sacrifice all the fat Sheep in your fold,
To the beautiful Idol of Silver and Gold.

V.

Self. *Your Sheep and your Ships do replenish our stock,*
And therefore God prosper the Fleet and the Flock:
The one in the Winter-time keepeth us warm,
The t'other brings Treasure, and guards us from harm.
If we want your Traffick, and you want our Coyn,
Like Members, let's all in one Body Conjoyn.

CHORUS.

Since Union and Concord bring Plenty and Peace,
And Amity is the kind cause of Increase:
Let Love from Division our fancy's release,
And all our Dissentions ever cease. —— Exeunt.

Dinner being ended, and Night approaching, his Lordship being Atte[illegible] by a private Retinue of his own Company, takes Coach, and is Conduc[illegible] *Goldsmiths-Hall* (where for this Year he doth intend to keep his Mayo[illegible] without the Night-Ceremony which hath been formerly, when [illegible] St. *Paul*'s was standing. When his Lordship is Housed, those that [illegible] tend on him depart with Order and Convenience; and the Triumphs [illegible] Silk-works are by the care of the Masters-Artificers lodged for that [illegible] in *Blackwell-Hall* 'till the next day following, and then they are convey'd [illegible] *Grocers-Hall*. To close up all, the Artists and Artificers (each of th[illegible] deserving ample Commendations) bid you all Good Night.

FINIS.

Imperfect:- part of the imprint has been cut off & all the leaves are badly trimmed.

Triumphs of London

PERFORMED

On *TUESDAY*, October XXIX. 1678.

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

Right Honourable, and truly Noble Pattern of Prudence and Loyalty,

Sir *JAMES EDWARDS* Knight,

Lord Mayor of the City of LONDON.

CONTAINING

A true *Description* of the several Pageants, with the *SPEECHES* spoken on each *Pageant*.

Together with the SONGS *sung in this* SOLEMNITY.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the Worshipful Company of

GROCERS.

Designed and Composed by *THO. JORDAN*, Gent.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare Triumphos?

London, Printed for

Harvard College Library
May 7, 1912.
Gift of
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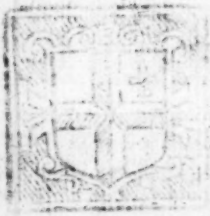

Sir JAMES EDWARDS, Knt.
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

MY LORD,

IN all flourishing Kingdoms throughout the Universe (especially Islands) honest Merchants and useful Merchandize have been ever had in a reverential Esteem. Their *Profession* in all former Ages highly magnified; and their *Persons* honourably valued: In that by their Cost, Adventures, Diligence, and Vigilance, *incognite Countries* have been discovered, *Royal Amity* introduced and confirmed with Transmarine Estates and Princes: As also (by reason of their generous *Examples*, and prevalent *Perswasions*) very brutish Nations, with barbarous Natures, have been reduced to Meekness, Order, and Civility. By *Merchants*, all Exotick Commodities from every Part of the World are made communicable in Traffick with us, whose numerous Varieties, pleasant Rarities, and substantial Necessaries serve both for Delight and Profit to the Crown and Kingdom. They increase *Shipping*, multiply *Navigators*, and employ all *Handicrafts*. Many of them have not only been the Erectors of stately *Structures*, but the Founders of great and famous *Cities*. What may be said of Merchants and their Traffick, their Antiquity, Dignity, Magnanimity, Generosity and Utility, is fitter to fill a Volume, than to be contracted in the narrow Bondage of a compendious Epistle.

Therefore since Your Lordship hath so ample an Interest in this precedent Character, it is an especial Act of *Almighty Providence* to indulge and dignifie this Honourable City with such an Accomplished *Magistrate*, whose *Examples* and *Precepts* are both prudent and pious, and may justly provoke all Persons under Your Government to be *regular* and *obedient*; which although but for One Year, yet is the *Epitome* of a Life-time: Thorow which that you may have the daily Manuduction of that Great *Governour* of Heaven and Earth (the only *Ruler* of Princes) shall be the *assidual Wishes* and *devout Desires* of, *My Lord*,

Your Heartily Humble Servant,

THO. JORDAN

WORTHY SOCIETY and WORSHIPFUL COMPANY

OF

GROCERS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN obedience to Your Commands, and punctual performance of my Promise, I crave permission to salute You with a perfect Copy of this Years Triumphs, wherein I have not expres'd such sterility of Invention, as to reiterate or imitate any thing which I have formerly done my self, or any other Authors that heretofore have performed this Duty, either in designation of the Whole, or composition and order of the Parts, relating either to the Figures, Structures, or Orations, those things only excepted which are the Trophies of Antiquity, and especial Marks of Distinction, in the frequent Representation of the Worshipful Companies Creſt and Supporters, the Camel and Gryphons, with all their Accomplishments and Decoration. If in all, or any thing, I have made my Endeavours correspondent to Your Expectation, I shall humbly hope, I may deservedly acquire the Title of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

The Agitations of the Morning.

THE generous Citizens, ſelected for the order of this days Triumph, (according to the dictates of Ancient Form and Cuſtom) aſſemble together at Seven of the Clock in the Morning, at *Grocers-Hall*.

1. Threeſcore poor Men accomodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them imployed in bearing a Standard or a Banner.

2. Fifty Gentlemen-Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his ſhoulder, and in his hand a white Staff.

3. A certain Number of Budg-Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

4. The Batchelors, a part thereof in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.

5. The Livery in their Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.

6. The Maſters Wardens and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns faced with Foins and their Hoods.

7. Twelve other Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours, ſome in Pluſh Coats and ſome in Buff, they alſo wearing Scarfs, about their ſhoulders, of the Companies Colours.

8. Thirty ſix Trumpets; the Serjeant-Trumpet, with his Scarf of his Lordſhip's Colours, and of a Grimſon about his ſhoulder, and a Leading Staff in his hand.

9. Fourteen Drums; the Drum-Major with a crimſon Scarf about his waſte, his Leading Staff in his hand, and three Fifes with Banners.

10. Divers Drums and Fifes, with red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company.

11. The two City-Marſhals, each of them riding on Horſeback, with ſix Servitors to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Company.

12. The Foot-Marſhal, and ſix Attendants with the like Scarfs and Colours.

13. The Maſter of Defence, with the ſame Scarf and Colours, having perſons of his own Science to attend him.

14. Divers other Penſioners in red Gowns, white Sleeves and flat Caps; each of them carrying a Javelin in one hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is painted the Coat-Armour of their Benefactors.

These Persons are set a part for the Duty of the Day, who meeting at the Time and Place aforesaid, proceed as followeth.

The Foot-Marshal ranks them out, two and two, beginning with the Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them, placeth the Companies Ensigns, Four Drums, and one Fife; in the Rere of them fall in the several Pensioners in Coats bearing several Banners and Standards; after them, six Trumpets; after them the Gryphons and Camel Ensigns, (the Supporters and Crest of the Worshipful Company of *Grocers*) and six Gentlemen Ushers; after them the Budg-Batchelors, who conclude this Division.

In the Rere of those, fall six Trumpets; after them, two Gentlemen bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies; after them follow two Gentlemen-Ushers, after them the Foins-Batchelors, concluding this Division.

In the Rere thereof first fall in the King's Drum-Major and four other of the King's Drums and Fifes; after them, two Gentlemen-Ushers bearing two Banners, the one the King's, the other the Cities; after them, ten Gentlemen-Ushers, habited as is set down before; and after them the Livery, which endeth that Division.

In the Rere of them fall others of the City Trumpets, after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and the Lord Mayor, twelve Gentlemen-Ushers appointed as aforesaid follow them, and after them the Court of Assistants put a period to that Division.

In the Rere of them falls the Serjeant-Trumpet, after him sixteen other of the King's Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, after them three other Gentlemen, bearing the King's, the Duke of *York*'s, and St. *George*'s Banner; after them fourteen Gentlemen-Ushers; to follow them are appointed four Pages; and after them, the Master and Wardens, which terminate the first and chief Division.

Thus accomplish'd, they March from their Place of meeting to *Gold-Smiths-Hall*, beginning with the Pensioners, until the Marshal comes and makes a Halt at the Gate, till such time as his Lordship and the Aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole Body move toward *Guild-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Elect joyneth with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue; so all of them march through *King-street* down to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and their Attendants take Barge; also the *Grocers* Company do likewise Embarge, whilst the Residue remain behind, *viz.* the Gentlemen-Ushers. The Budg-Batchelors repair to places of Refreshment.

His Lordship, the Aldermen, the Company of *Grocers*, and other Companies, landing at *Westminster*, have a Lane made them through which they pass to *Westminster-Hall*, and there, having performed several Ceremonial and Customary Duties and Obligations, as an Oath to be True and Faithful to

His

His Majesty and Government established, Sealing of Writs in the Court there held; and having taken leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, *&c.* and doing some charitable offices to the Poor of that place, return to their Barges, a lane being made as before for their Passage to the Water-side, and there orderly Embarge.

His Lordship, with those attending him (the Companies,) land at *Black Fryar-stairs*, in order to their Stands in *Cheapside*; where He and They are saluted with Three Volleys by (the Military Glory of this Nation) the Company of *Artillery-Men*, they being all in their Martial Ornaments of Gallantry, some in Buff with Head-pieces, many of them massy Silver. From *Black-Fryar-stairs* they march before my Lord Mayor and Aldermen through *Cheapside* to *Guild-Hall*. Those that went not to *Westminster*, *viz.* the Pensioners and Banners, being set in order, ready to March, the Foot-Marshal in the Rere of the *Artillery-Company*, leads the way along by the Channel up *Ludgate-Hill*, through *Ludgate* into St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained by the first Scene or Pageant.

A Description of the First Pageant.

UPon a large Stage, in the Van, is exhibited the lively pourtraiture of a well-grown Camel, so curiously Carved and Exquisitely Gilded that it appeareth like a live Animal in a Hide of Massy Gold, and is the Crest upon the Arms of the Worshipful Company of *Grocers*. This Camel is back'd by a young Negro-Boy, sitting betwixt two Silver Hampers plentifully stored with all sorts of Fruits and fragrant Spices, and whatever else is pertinent to Grocery; which after the Subsequent Speech is delivered, the Negro with a Prodigal hand, scatereth abroad in the Tumult, where you might see an hundred persons confusedly scrambling in the dirt for the Frail Atchievement of a Bunch of Raisins, or a handful of Dates, Almonds, Nutmegs: This Negro-Boy is habited in an Indian Robe of divers Colours, a wreath of various colour'd Feathers on his black woolly head. Silver Buskins laced and furfled with Gold, a Bridle of white and red Ribon (the Company's Colours) at each hand of him sitteth a Virgin, one of them Representing *Industry* in a Robe of Russet colour'd Silk, a Green Sarsnet Mantle, a Peruke of dark brown hair, about which is a Wreath of Flowers and Fruits, watchet Silk Hose, gray Buskins laced with Crimson Ribon; in one hand she beareth a Silver Pruning-Hook, in the other a Banner of the Companies. The other Person is a beautiful young Lady Representing *Fortune*, in a Yellow Robe, a Purple Mantle, a long curl'd bright brown Hair, a golden Coronet upon his Head, Carnation Silk Hose, and Yellow Buskins, laced with Silver Ribon; In her Left Hand she beareth a green Shield, Charged with a Ship under Sail; and in her Right Hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

And

And in the Rere of this Pageant is a Fortress, properly call'd, *The Fortress of Government*, Founded upon a Rock of Adamant, whose Walls are of Brass, in a Quadrangular form, Embattail'd, with several Turrets and Bulwarks, on which great brazen Guns, mounted upon Carriages, are planted; and (within these Walls (Situate in the Centre) is erected the grand Golden Tower Royal, on which is displayed a very large Banner of the *Grocers*.

1. FIDELITY, standing in Front upon the Battlement, is thus Arrayed, in a Vest of Silver, on which is Traced, a Golden Breast-plate, a Silver Corslet about his Neck, long Brown curl'd Hair on his Head, and upon that a Golden Helmet, with a large Plume of White Feathers, tip'd with Red, Blew, Yellow, and Green; a Scarf of Scarlet-colour'd-silk-and-gold; a Sword hanging in it, with a Golden Hilt; Purple-Silk Hose; Gold Buskins, laced and surfled with Scarlet-and-Silver Ribon; In his Left Hand he raiseth a Lance of Silver; and in his Right hand (which is armed with a Golden Elbow Gantlet) he advanceth a Silver Truncheon: His Associates, Confederates and Attendants, are *Loyalty*, *Vigilancy*, *Justice*, *Constancy*, *Wit*, *Concord*, *Religion*, *Union*, and *Truth*, in these significant distinct Habits.

1. LOYALTY, in a Purple Robe, semined with Stars of Gold, a Golden Scarf, cross from the right Shoulder to the left Side; Scarlet-colour'd Silk-Hose, Silver Buskins, laced and surfled with Sky-colour and gold Ribon; a long curl'd bright brown Peruque, and on it a Silver Coronet of golden Hearts; She beareth in her left Hand, on a Shield *Gules*, the Rose and Crown OR; with this preceptive, Divine and Moral Motto about it,

Deum Timete, Regem Honorate.
Fear God, Honour the King.

In the other Hand a Banner of the Cities.

2. VIGILANCY, in a Silver Robe, a French green Mantle, seeded with waking Eyes; a fair long bright Curling Hair, a Chaplet on her Head of Jesemine mingled with Mirtle, Caprifolium, and Eyebright; in one Hand she beareth a Shield Argent, Charged with a Peacock, his Tail displayed; in the other Hand a Banner of my Lords.

3. JUSTICE, in a long Crimson Robe, and on it a golden Mantle, fringed with Silver; on her Head a long dishevel'd Hair of a Flaxen colour, on which is a Coronet of Silver; In one hand she holdeth a Sword, in the other Hand a Ballance; her Buskins are Purple, sprinkled with gold Stars, laced and surfled with Gold and Scarlet Ribon; about her Coronet is written this *Memento*;

Iniquitatem intermittite & Justitiam facite. Ezech. 45. 9.
Remove Violence and Execute Justice.

4. CONSTANCY, In a Watchet Robe, a Silver Mantle, Hose, of Aurora-colour'd Silk, silver Buskins, laced and furfled with colour and gold Ribon; a long brown curl'd Hair, and on her Head a gold Crown, having in front the Figure of a Seaman's Compass, to express constant verticity of the Needle to the North-Pole; she beareth a thick charged with a Rock of Adamant, the four Winds blowing against it, the Motto, *Immota Triumphans.* In her Right Hand a Banner of Kings.

5. WIT, In an *Indian* Sarsnet Robe, of diverse Colours, a Lemon colour'd Mantle, fringed with Gold; a bright brown Hair, curiously curl and tyed with sundry knots of small Ribon of all colours, and on it a Chaplet of Bayes, intermingled with golden Berries in clusters; In her Right Hand an Escutcheon *Vert*, a Reynard *OR*, with a Goose Neck in his Mouth and her Body circumflexed over his Back *Argent*; In her left Hand a Banner of the Cities.

6. CONCORD: A fair Virgin in a Scarlet-colour'd Robe, a sky colour and gold Scarf; a fair bright Hair, and about her Head, a Garland of white and red Roses, intimating the Concord of *York* and *Lancaster*; white Buskins, laced with watchet and gold Ribon: in her left Hand a Shield charged with a Bower of Mirtles; for such is the Nature of those Trees that if they be Planted a good space one from another, they will meet, and with twining, one embrace the other.

7. RELIGION, In a Sable Robe, a Crimson Mantle; a fair Hair on which is a Coronet of golden Stars, gold Buskins, laced with black Ribon, bearing a Buckler in one Hand, where (on a Mount *Vert*, planted with Olives) is a Crucifix, *Proper*; in the other Hand a Banner on an Angelick staff, bearing a Cross *Gules* in a Field *Argent*.

8. UNION, In a Robe of Green Sarsnet, sprinkled with divers Annulets of Gold, a Chain of Gold thrice double about her Neck; her Legs and Feet beautified with Buskins of Gold, furfled with Watchet Silk and Silver Ribon, a Wreath of green Laurel (about a long curl'd Perruque of bright Hair) on her Head; bearing in one hand an Escutcheon *Vert*, charged with a Triangle within a Circle *OR*; in the other Hand a Banner of the *Grocers*.

9. TRUTH, In a White Sarsnet Robe, a Cloth of Silver Mantle; a fair bright crispy curl'd Flaxen Hair; a Garland of white Lilies, white Silk Hose, white Buskins, laced with Silver Ribon; in one Hand, a large Fan of Ostrich (with which she chaseth away Error) in the other Hand, a Banner of the Lord Mayors

FIDELITY, arising up from her Seat with an obedient Bow, addresseth to his Lordship in this Congratulation following.

The First Speech Spoken by FIDELITY.

Much honour'd Lord, This Structure you behold,
Whose outward Walls are Brass, and Tower Gold,
rm'd in such Martial manner, doth present
he faithful Fortress *of* Just Government.
he Adamantine Rock 'tis built upon,
perits the Name of True Religion.
he Walls *are made of* Union, *and well known*
be Intire; Truth *is the* Corner-Stone.
he Battlements *are* Concord, *Bulworks be*
ilt, Man'd, and Govern'd by Integritie.
he Guns *are* Laws *of wholsome Institution,*
he Gunner *puts them all in* Execution,
hen Justice *gives Command*; *This* golden Tower
built by Policy, *and held by* Power.
hich is in all, and every degree,
he Seat of Government, *and* Soveraigntie:
oyalty, Vigilance, Fortitude, *and* Wit,
ith Constancy, *and* Concord, *govern it.*
ho all (by turns) do take Orders from Me,
hat bear the Title of Fidelitie.
And though this Fort, *thus* Arm'd *and* Top'd *by* Glory,
but a Model *built by* Allegory:
he Moral's *pertinent and pregnant too,*
intimates your Government *and* You:
ithout these Virtues, *which are here set forth,*
a Magistrate *will want much of his worth.*
ebellion, Fraud, Whoredom, *and* Felonie,
a short time, will grow greater than He.
But you, my Lord, *are furnish'd with all these* } Pointing to
Virtues, *and of this Fort deserve the Keyes.* } the Tower.
is for your Company a Store House *made*
he Camel bears part of your Trade; [To the Camel.]

which back'd by an Indian, *Sallies from the* Fort,
T'express their Plenty, *and to shew you Sport:*
All which, with every good that Traffick brings
This Year, desires the Shelter of your Wings,
Because you are with all the Graces plum'd;
And 'tis by most Wise Vertuous Men presum'd,
That with true Justice, Piety, *and* Power
You'l shew your self, a faithful Governour.

This Speech thus ended, and my Lord expressing some Signals of acce
tation, his Honour advanceth with his Right Worshipful Fraternity (s
sage Senators of the City) further forward into *Cheapside*; where he is aga
intercepted by two distinct Stages, on which are eminently planted tw
great Golden Gryphons the Supporters to the Coat Armour of the *Grocer*
Company, on which are Vigorously mounted two Active Negro's, in ri
East-Indian Vestiments, with Coronets of many Colour'd Feathers; the o
of them bears a large Banner of his Lordships Family-Coat; and the other
large a Banner of the *Grocers* Corporation-Coat, and at the Corner of bo
these Stages, sit four Figures in the Habits and Ornaments as hereafter is d
scribed. 1. *Love*, 2. *Honour*, 3. *Courage*, 4. *Courtezy*.

1. LOVE, a handsom fair Boy, with a Curl'd Flaxen Periuke, a Corono
round beset with Bleeding Hearts; a Silver Robe, a Carnation Scarf,
which hangeth a Golden Quiver full of Gold and Silver Arrows, Gold
wings upon his shoulders; a Silver Bow in one hand, and a Banner of
Cities in the other.

2. HONOUR, in a Purple Robe poudred with Stars of Gold, a Scarl
Mantle Fringed with Gold, Curl'd black hair, on it a Royal Diadem, watch
Silk Hose, white Buskins lace'd with Gold Ribon, bessing a Banner of
Kings.

3. COURAGE, a person of Heroick Visage, with short brown hai
on it a Golden Coronet, a flame-colour'd short Robe, a Sky-colour'd Sc
Fringed with Silver, Plush-colound Hose, blew Buskins, with Carnatio
Ribon; in his hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

4. COURTEZY, in a Crimson Robe Fringed with Gold and Silv
Scarf, bright brown hair; a Chaplet of red and white Roses, in one han
she bears a Shield Charged with the figures of a Salutation; in the other,
Banner of the Companies.

And in the Rere of these Gryphons, on another Stage is a Scene of great splendour designed for.

The Pageant Described.

A Shrine, or *Indian* Structure erected according to the *Dorick* order of Architecture, adorned with lively pieces of Imagerie round about, and, in the high extremity, is exalted a Masculine lively person, richly Vested in Silver Robe; a Sky-colour'd Mantle, a long bright hair, Crowned with a Coronet of Pensils, of all Colours, holding in his Right hand a Banner of the Kings, and representeth the Triumph of Tranquillity, called *Ovatio*.

This Temple-like Fabrick in front stands so open, that with easiy perspicuity every Common eye may discharge it's sight up to the high Altar, on which an *East-Indian* Deity called *OPULENTA*, a Representative of all the Intrinsic Treasure in the Oriental *Indies*, and is their Tutelary Goddess, before whose Shrine the Idolatrous Natives (after the preparation of a long Fast) with Pagan Piety, and diabolical Devotion, prostrate themselves with all the adoration imaginable.

Her Face and Hair are Black; her Ears are adorned with two rich Pendants of great round Oriental Pearl, her Shoulders, Breast and Neck, are bare, on which is a Necklace of Diamonds; she is Crown'd with a Coronet of Sun-beams, her Robe is of all Colours, richly interwoven with Silk, Gold, Silver and Jewels; a Scarf of Gold, Silver Buskins, laced with Gold Ribon; in one hand she advanceth a Golden Scepter, in the other she beareth a Banner of the Kings.

Beneath her sit three Black *Indian* Princes, *viz. Animalia*, *Mineralia*, *Vegetabilia*, who bear in their hands each of them a great Golden Key of 8 inches long, as principal Clavigers or Key-keepers to all the Treasuries of *India*, and generally to all Human Nature; Comprehending the diversities of Traffick and several Commodities, which our Noble *English* Merchants bring from *India* to *England*, by whom the Druggests are furnished from thence, with Barks, Woods, Roots, Fruits and Gums, Ambergreece with divers Aromats; which by the learned directions of the Physician, Wisdom of the Chymist, and art of the Apothecary are extracted and compounded for Curation and Conservation. The *Grocers* are supply'd and plentifully stor'd with all sorts of Spices, as Pepper, Cinamon, Cloves, Mace Nutmegs, also with Rice, Mastich, Sanders of all sorts, with varietie of fruits, and other Commodities too numerous for Repetition.

In

In several Conspicuous and Convenient Vicinitys, about this Shrine sit the Representatives of six Eminent *Indian* Cities, in several rich *Indian* Habits; with the figures of Cities upon their heads, worn as Crowns or Coronets, and are distinguished by these well known Appellations, *viz.* *FORTAM*, *SARABAIN*, *TUBAN*, *MATURA*, *SURAT*, and *BANTAM*, the last of which is the City of most Traffique, frequented by *Portugals*, *Dutch* and *English*, in which every day are three several Markets. The Habits of these three Princes last mentioned, are thus properly distinguished.

1. ANIMALIA, in a Robe painted with Quadrupedes, Volatiles, and Reptiles, *viz.* Beasts, Birds, Flyes, and Crawling Creatures or Insects, (as she representeth all Animals that have Life, and Sense) an *Indian* Silk Scarf cross her shoulder interwoven with Silver; Black hair, a Coronet of various-colour'd Feathers, a Rope of Pearl about her Neck; and pendant Jewels in her Ears: bearing in one hand a Golden Key, in the other a Banner of the Cities.

2. VEGETABILIA, in a painted Robe of Trees, Flowers, Herbs, and sundry plants, that have Life and Growth, but neither Sense, nor Voluntary Motion; a Silver green and grey Scarf, a dark brown Peruke, a Chaplet of Flowers and Fruits upon her head; in her left hand, a Golden Key, of like form and length with the other, and in her Right hand a Banner of my Lord Mayor's.

3. MINERALIA; in a rich Robe all Imbroidered with Gold Silver, and precious Jewels; a purple and Silver Scarf, on her head a Black hair, Crown'd with a Diadem of precious Stones of divers Colours and excellent lustre, in one hand a Golden Key, set with Diamonds, Emralds, Saphirs, Amethists, and Smaragds, as the principal Conserver of all Mines, and Minerals; in her other hand she waveth a Banner of the Companies.

My Lord Mayor being attentively prepared, The Goddess *Opulenta*, rising up from her Seat, with a Majestick behaviour doth oblige his Lordship's regard, to the Delivery of a Speech.

The SECOND SPEECH spoken by *OPULENTA*.

This Clime, is England *sure: it doth present* [Look about her]
So much of Honour, Union, Government;

And

And this must needs be London, *when in State*
(As Fame *tells me) this Day doth celebrate*
Th' Inauguration *of their* Magistrate.
This must be Hee. I wish him good Event,
His Presence *doth presage* good *Government.*
Then I address my Self (much honour'd Lord)
To you, that bear the Civil, City Sword.
And I have brought Three Princes *with me: Those*
Are they that Keep my Oriental Keys,
Vegetabilia, Animalia *and*
Rich Mineralia, *under whose Command*
Are all the Treasures of the Indian *Land.*
Six Cities do attend me too, but none
So bright and beautifull as is your own.
Here's Fortam, Sarabaia, Tuban, *(that*
Yeilds Spice) Matura, Bantam *and* Surat.
Cities, great Sir, whose Traffique hath been free,
To your Lordship and the Grocers *Company:*
Who do this Day, (mov'd by your high Deserts)
In Triumphs *pay the* Tribute *of their Hearts.*
Because their good Lord Mayor's Power doth Spring,
From Honour's Fountain, *in my Lord, the King.*
The Head *of four great Kingdoms, yet would be*
(Such was his Candor and Urbanity)
A Member *of the* Grocers *Company.*
May you prove prosperous, and (when you please)
You shall command my Cities and my Keys:
My Deity it self: But I divine
You do adore a Power greater than Mine,
A God, *that doth all other Gods excell,*
Imitate Him, *and you will* Govern *well.*

{ Looks on the Lord Mayor.

Bow's.

{ Pointeth to them.

To the Cities.

His Lordship, well pleased with the Aptitude of this Composition, and the promptitude of the Emphatical Speaker; expresseth some Demonstrations of Approbation, and moveth through the Multitude, until a Scene of Delight, doth invite him to a Stand, which is an *Indian* Plantation, with its Governour, the Speaker, with several Labourers, Planters and Drolls; both for Utility and Jucundity, Profit and Pleasure.

The

The Plantation Delineated.

UNder the declivity of a Verdant Hill, which the Floriferous hand of Nature had Crown'd with a diverse colour'd Diadem of Flowers, inclining to that fertil point of the Compass, which is the Empire of *Aurora*. On a rich Vale is situate a copious Plantation of Spices, as Woods of Cinnamon, pleasant Groves of Nutmegs and Cloves, Orchards of Lemons and Oranges, surpassing those of *Spain*, representing a Plantation in that part of *East-India* called the Island of *Zelon*, not far distant from the Point of *India* called *Cape Comerin*, which for fertility may be compared to any Country in the whole Universe.

It abounds in Odoriferous Aromatical Spices, with whole Woods of the best Cinamon that ever the Sun saw; also there are found the best Smaragds, Rubies, and Ambergreece throughout all *Asia*. In this Island, the place of greatest note is *Colmuki*, the Seat-Royal of the chief King of that Island, situate on a Capacious Bay in the South-West of it, and of most Trade in all this Country; many great Ships laden with Cinamon, Gems, Elephants, and other *Indian* Commodities going yearly thence.

But in this Representative Plantation in that Island, on an eminent conspicuous Position sitteth *Aromatario*, the Governour of it, thus habited and accommodated: In a Robe of Scarlet colour'd Silk and Gold; a Mantle of Purple and Silver; a black curl'd Peruke; a Coronet of Gold, pointed with several sorts of *Indian* Trees which stand erect, as if growing about his head; green Buskins starrified with Gold, and laced with Silver and Gold Ribon; in his hand a Banner of the Companies. Beneath him sit four Figures, representing *Toyl*, *Traffick*, *Treasure*, and *Triumph*, thus accoutred.

1. TOYL. In a gray silk Robe; an Orange-colour'd Mantle edg'd and fring'd with Silver; a brownish curl'd Hair; a wreath of Leaves, green Nutmegs, Cloves, and large Mace; gray Silk Hose; sky-colour'd Buskins laced with yellow Ribon: in one hand a Shield painted with Mattock, Spade, and Grassing-Knives; in the other hand a Banner of my Lords.

2. TRAFFICK. In a Sand-colour'd Robe of Silk; a Sea-green Mantle, fringed with Silver and Gold; a fair curl'd Peruke; a Coronet upon his head, bearing on the top the figure of a Ship under Sail: In one hand a shield Argent, charged with the four Winds, Perfiant; in the other hand a Banner of the Cities.

3. TREASURE. In a Cloth of Gold Robe, a watcher Silk and Silver Mantle; a long brown curld Peruke; a Coronet of Gold, richly

adorn'd with Jewels; Crimson silk Stockings; Gold Buskins, with purple and silver Ribon; a Banner of the Companies.

4. TRIUMPH. In a Robe of Carnation and Silver; a Mantle of diverse-colour'd Feathers, tip'd with gold and silver; a black long curl'd Peruke; a Ducal Crown of gold, with a Plume of Feathers of several Orient Colours; Pearl-colour'd Hose; silver Buskins laced with Pink-colour'd Ribon: In one hand she beareth a Target *Vert*, charged with the similitude of a Triumphant Chariot *O R*; in the other hand a Banner of the Kings.

The front part of the Stage is planted with variety of Trees, bearing all sorts of Spices and Fruits, as Oranges and Lemons, Citrons and Pomegranates; with several Planters and Labourers at work, some Digging, some Planting, others Pruning, Dressing, and Gathering; with divers Drolls, Piping, Dancing, Tumbling; and sundry kinds of Mimical Gestures, Antick Motions, Ingenious Confusion, and Studious Disorder: But a general cessation, and silence being proclaim'd, *Aromatario* their Governour standing up in the posture of an Address, delivereth this following Oration to his Lordship.

The THIRD SPEECH spoken by *AROMATARIO* the Governour.

ILlustrious Lord, under whose wise Commands
The chiefest *City in* Great Britain *stands*,
Aromatario *the Governour*
Of this Plantation, doth present his Power,
And Profits *to Your Prætorship, whose* Wit
And well-known Worth *can Govern Him and It:*
I do not to Your Honour's Hands prefer
The Gifts of Gold, *of* Frankincense *and* Myrrh:
Nor can I offer up the Golden Fleece,
But Smaragds, Rubies, Pearl, *and* Ambergreece,
Gums, Aromats, *and* Spices *of the best*,
More Odoriferous *than the* Phœnix *Nest*,
Or her own Flames, *whose* Ashes *on that* Hearth
At once produce both Funeral *and* Birth.
But You, My Lord, in Sweets *excell that* Flame,
Who have the Precious Ointment of Good Name,

No Aromats *like His, that is Indued*
With Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude:
No brighter Jewels *in both* Indies *be*
Comparative to Faith, Hope, Charity.
Love, Loyalty, Sincerity and Truth,
(*The* Honour *of old Age*, Glory *of Youth*)
These are those Jewels, which when Just men have
They never dye, *but* bloom *even in the* Grave.
You being thus Inrich'd, well may the Voyce
Of your Elector's, Triumph *in their Choyce*,
And so do I, who wish you the best Fate
That ever bless'd a Happy *Magistrate.*
My Planting People *now shall Sing and Play.*
Fall to your Sports, *This is* My Lord Mayor's Day. { To the Planters, they all Shout.

The Speech thus ended, and the Acclamation over, a stout Planter, with a Voice like a Trumpet, distendeth his copious Chops, and holloweth out this Sonnet; and all the rest of the Workmen and Drollists sing the *Chorus*, whilst the Porters bear the Burden.

A SONG.

I.

With Mattock, Spade, Pruning-Hook, Shovel, & Sieve,
What a Life of Delight do we Labourers live?
The bonny brisk Planter (for delving design'd)
Hath Health in his Body, and Peace in his Mind.
Though this as a Curse in the Scripture we read,
In the Sweat of thy brows thou shalt purchase thy Bread.
Chorus. *Yet by Patience and Labour, in Digging and Dressing,*
Th' old Curse is Converted into a new Blessing.

II.

With Cinamon, Cloves, Mace, and all other Spice,
We Planters have planted a New Paradise.
We feel no Effects of the Faults that was Adam's,
Here's Pepper for Gallants, and Nutmegs for Madams.
We work, and we Sweat, yet are never the worse;
At the most we have but a Spice of the Curse.
Chorus. *But by Patience and Labour our Treasure encreasing,*
Hath made a Conversion on't into a Blessing.

For London's *great* Grocers *we Labour and Work,*
No Plots againſt Princes in our Heads do lurk:
We Plant, Set, and Sow, likewiſe for the Phyſician,
But Plant no Rebellion, and Sow no Sedition.
The Grocers *and* Merchants *are Men of Renown,*
They are juſt in their Trading, and true to the Crown.
Chor. *And we faithful Planters; ſince all this is ſo Sirs,*
Let's Pray for King Charles, *and his Brethren, the* Grocers.

The Song being Sung, they all fall to their Drolleries, and the Foot-Marſhal having placed the Aſſiſtants, Livery, and the Companies on both ſides of *King-Street*, and their Penſioners with their Targets hung on the tops of the Javelins; in the Rere of them the Enſign-Bearers, Drums and Fifes in the Front, and haſten the Foyns and Budg-Batchelors; together with the Gentlemen-Uſhers to *Guild-Hall*, where his Lordſhip is again Saluted by the *Artillery-men*, with three Vollies more, which conclude their Duty: His Land Attendants paſs through the Gallery or Lane ſo made into *Guild-Hall*: After which, the Companies repair to their reſpective Halls to Dinner, and their Silk-works and Triumphs are likewiſe convey'd into *Blackwell-hall*, and the Officers aforeſaid, and the Children that ſit in the Pageants, there refreſh themſelves, until his Lordſhip hath Dined at *Guild-Hall*.

His Lordſhip and the Gueſts being all ſeated, the City-Muſick, after a little conſideration and conſultation one with another, conclude to habit themſelves for the performance of a Song of three Parts in *Stilo Recitativo*; it a Muſical Interlude Preſented by three Perſons; *Crab*, a Weſt-Country-man; *Swab*, a Seaman; and *Self*, a Citizen.

The Scene, *the* ROYAL-EXCHANGE.

Enter *Crab*, ſtaring up and down.

Crab. Thic New-made Zitty zæmeth ztrange,
Zince laſt time chæ did zæ't;
Cham vinding out the Royal-Change,
To try if che con mæt
Zome honeſt plain Weſt-Country-mon,
That we may go and Doin,
And zit and chat and gulge a Can,
Vor that is wellafoin.

Thic

II.

Thic is th' Exchange that zhoins so pure,
The ne're zaw Building neater:
They burn'd it down on purpose zhow
To buildne up the better.
Here all the zity Vezles meet
In vest and velvet Rocket;
And here a woundy crafty Cheat
One day did pike my pocket.

III.

'Tis very yarly day it zeems,
Voz there are vew Men come,
Within thic hour they'l vlow in streams,
A Mon con get no rome. } Enter *Swab* the
But who comes here, that doth appear } Sea-man.
Rigg'd like a Mon a war:
'Tis a black-wall-ey'd Zea-mon, zhow?

I [The Tune changeth.

Swab. A Sail, a Sail, a Sail,
The Sea-man's come to sight;
Whose Star-board
And Lar-board
Hath been bruis'd in fight.

Crab. A flail, a flail, a flail,
Ithe tell the Mon of zeas
Your Sailors
Are failors,
Without Oars and Veas.

Swab. I have stood
Bath'd in my Blood
When a Brazen Broad-side roars;
My Men dying,
No flying.

Crab. Zhips ha no back boys.

Swab. Where so e're
Enemies were,
—— I would chase 'um like a flock:

And fly at 'em,

Crab. From Chatham,
Up to Wapping Dock.

II.

Swab. The dreadful name of *Drake*,
In thundering Eighty Eight;
Whose Courage
Did forage
For the *Spaniard*'s Plate.
I have with Art and ease,
And Valour on the Seas,
Out-run him,
Out-done him.

Crab. What pickl'd lyes are these? [Aside.]

Swab. I did once dive
Down at *Queen-hive*.
I did it all at one jirk,
And under Water
Two hours after,

Crab. Rise agen at Dunkirk.

Swab. Why thou Sheep-biter, how dar'st thou interrupt me? [*Speak.*]

Crab. Why thou ship-shiter, I did but make up Rhime, for in my conscience thou had'st almost sung thy reason out of breath. You said you were two hours under water, and I thought I would set you a shore to dry your Doublet.

Swab. What at *Dunkirk*? amongst Strangers?

Crab. Yes, why not? shour the purchasers of that place may allow an English-mon to dry his Doublet there, che believe they have bargain good enough on't.

Swab. My Fame rings
Abroad among Kings;
My Valour is Renown'd:
In Salt River
I was never
Born to be drown'd.

{Sing on a Repetition of the last Strain of the Tune.}

Crab. And what mean you by that Sir? —— *Speak.*

Crab. Ich'e mean youl habe Rope enough about you to defend you vrom drowning:

Swab. Sirrah! you have a saucie Interpretation: and I could find in my heart to chastize you with my Cane.

Crab. I am a Whipster Sir. I carry my weapon in my hand, cham not avraid of a whole Team of Tarpaulins, voz I cham zvre you ha'nt a broadzide of Brass Guns in your Pocket.

Swab. Go, thour't a Tarbox.

Crab. How, Brother Pitch-barrel? [Enter *Self* the Citizen.] But, who coms heer?

Swab. By his venerable pace, and posture, it should be one Mr. *Self* a Citizen.

Crab. Zelf? Ich'e think that be a great Name in every Town and Country, especially amongst the Longeners. But I don't know'n.

Swab. Thou art a pretty Comical Fellow: what's thy Name?

Crab. Why zur cham not azham'd of my Name, my name is Crab.

Swab. Gaffer Crab? a Land Crab? I have seen a great many of your Crawling Kindred in the Indies, Gaffar Crab. [*Swab* walks away.]

Crab. Gaffer Crab? Crawling Kindred? doth the Meazle take me voz a Crablouse? Ich'e could vind in my heart [Advanceth his whip.]

Swab. How now, what's the matter? [and *Swabs* turns about]

Crab. Faldera, Laldera, Taldara leero } *Crab* sings a few notes of the Canary, and Danceth to it.

Swab. You are very actively merry Mr. Crab.

Crab. Yes, I can Crab it away I warrant ye, as well as any Sea-Crab o'ye all.

Another Tune.

Swab. O! the valiant strife
Of a Seaman's Life,
Whose Fame is never fading.

Self. *Though the* Change *be full,*
Yet the City's dull,
And droops for want of Trading;
It is to little purpose now our weighty Bills of Lading.

Shall

Shop keepers know not what to do.

Crab. The Contry man doth Plow and Sow,
Harrow, Weed and Reap and Mow;
But yet is like to starve on't.

Swab. The greatest sort of Business now
Is Mam your humble Servant.

II.

Self. *What the reason is,*
That doth cause all this
I gladly would be guided:

Swab. Want of Amity
Breeds Calamity,
We are too much divided;
By Atheistick persons too,
Religion is derided.

Self. *With Arguments as light as Air,*

Swab. Opinion's got in Reason's Chair,
And would controul the great affair
Of Man's Eternal being.

Crab. The new-bound flights have spoil'd our sights,
And caus'd this disagreeing.

III.

Swab. Though the Citizens,
With Tongues and pens
Are now distresses faining;

Crab. They do beast their Chopps
With shugard sopps
And damous Entertaining:
Yet they cry out that by their shopps,
They have but little gaining.

Swab. They Keep both Town and Country house.

Crab. They feed on Capon Pig and Goose.

Swab. In Sack and Claret they Carouse,
And spread their plumes in Trayning:

Crab, And yet as if not worth a lowse,
They're every hour Complaining.

IV.

Swab. Through the Ocean curl'd,
We ſurround the World
For Merchandiſe to ſerve yee:
Crab. **And the Country Cheap**
Bungs Bread and Meat,
That Vamine may not ſtarve yee.
Swab. You live at home in Wealth and Peace,
Whilſt wee do rock and ſhelve it,
You wallow in Delight and eaſe.
Crab. **Wee ſend you Bacon Beef and Peas,**
Whilſt we do ditch and delve it;
And don ſuch ſimple Clodes as deſe,
When you weare ſilk and velvet.

V.

Self. *In your vain diſpute of every thing,*
Y' are very much miſguided;
As it is the Chamber of the King
It ſhould be ſo provided;
Therefore let no diſſention ſpring,
This Argument's decided.
Swab. Your *London* Tables do excell.
Crab. **Y' have forty diſhes at a meal;**
Swab. And yet ye neither buy nor ſell;
But ſuffer diminution.
Crab. **You feed on Veſant, Cock and Teal**
Yet cry out Perſecution.

I. { The Tune changeth.

Swab. Though in Duſt and Aſhes it lately was hurl'd,
This City may Vye with all parts of the World.
For true Uniformity, Subſtance, and Show.
Theſe Fabricks all Buildings in *Europe* out-go.
Self. *But if that no Trading come into the Town,*
The City is up, but the Citizen's down.

II.

Swab. In Storms and in Tempeſts, through Waters and Fires,
The Sea-man doth fetch what the City deſires;

From

From all points of the World we bring Treasure unfold,
Musk, Ambergreece, Silk, Silver, Jewels and Gold.
'Tis by the success of the Sea-man's Affairs,
The City's supply'd with Shreves and Lord Mayors.

III.

Through *Europe*, to *Asia* and *Africk* we fly,
In *Russia* we freeze, and in *India* we fry;
Th' Antartick and Artick we visit by turn,
In one we are frozen, in t'other we burn.
We venture by dangerous Seas, Sands, and Shelves,
To bring Wares to the City [*Crab.*] & wealth to your

IV. (selves.

Self. *Our City's the Market, to vend all our Wares,*
And Money's the Marrow of all our Affairs.
Crab. We serve ye with wheat and malt, wool, milk & hone;
Self. *It is much for our Love* [Crab.] but more for your mone;
Swab. You'l sacrifice all the fat Sheep in your fold,
To the beautiful Idol of Silver and Gold.

V.

Self. *Your Sheep and your Ships do repleniſh our ſtock,*
And therefore God proſper the Fleet and the Flock:
The one in the Winter-time keepeth us warm,
The t'other brings Treaſure, and guards us from harm.
If we want your Traffick, and you want our Coyn,
Like Members, let's all in one Body Conjoyn.

CHORUS.

Since Union and Concord bring Plenty and Peace,
And Amity is the kind cauſe of Increaſe:
Let Love from Diviſion our fancy's releaſe,
And all our Diſſentions ever ceaſe. —— Exeunt.

Dinner being ended, and Night approaching, his Lordship being Attended by a private Retinue of his own Company, takes Coach, and is Conducted to *Goldsmiths-Hall* (where for this Year he doth intend to keep his Mayoralty) without the Night-Ceremony which hath been formerly, when Old St. *Paul*'s was standing. When his Lordship is Housed, those that Attend on him depart with Order and Convenience; and the Triumphs and Silk-works are by the care of the Masters-Artificers lodged for that Night in *Blackwell-Hall* 'till the next day following, and then they are convey'd to *Grocers-Hall*. To close up all, the Artists and Artificers (each of them deserving ample Commendations) bid you all Good Night.